And here is come to doe some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallowed toyle vile *Mountague*;
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villaine I doe apprehend thee,
Obey and goe with me, for thou must dye.
Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither:
Good gentle youth tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me, thinke upon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee youth,
Put not another sinne upon my head
By urging me to fury: O be gone,
By heaven I love thee better than my selfe,
For I come hither armed against my selfe:
Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercy bad thee run away.
Par. I doe defie thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a Felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee Boy.
Page. O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.
Par. O I am slaine: if thou be mercifull
Open the tombe, lay me with *Juliet*.
Rom. In faith I will: let me peruse this face:
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County *Paris*!
What said my man when my betossed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* should have married *Juliet*,
Said he not so? or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Juliet*,
To thinke it was so? O give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sowre misfortunes booke.
Ile bury thee in a triumphant grave:
A grave! O no, a Lanthorne slaughtred youth;
For here lyes *Juliet*, and her beautie makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death lye thou there by a dead man interr'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death,

Have they beene merry, which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Love, my Wife,
Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd, beauties ensigne yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes:
And deaths pale flag is not advanced there.
Tibalt, lyest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O what more favour can I doe to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me cousin. Ah deare *Juliet*,
Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleeve,
Shall I beleeve that unsubstantiall death is amorous?
And that the lean abhorred monster keepes
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
For feare of that I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart againe: here, here will I remaine,
With wormes that are thy chambermaides: O here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres
From this world-wearied flesh: eyes look your last,
Armes take your last embrace; and lips, O you
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse
A dateleſſe bargaine to ingrossing death:
Come bitter conduct, come unsavourie guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rockes thy sea-sicke weary barke:
Here's to my Love. O true Apothecary!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I dye.

Enter Frier, with Lanthorne, crow, and spade.

Fri. Saint *Francis* be my speed; how oft to night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's there?